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A TRUST TAX ON TALK.

When the telephone kings and the telegraph dukes go into a Trust together, And raise the rates with a skyward boost, their worldly nest to feather, That "Talk is cheap" will an adage be that hasn't a chance to stick, For words'll come high in the hello box and quite as high "on tick."

THE EVENING WORLD'S DAILY FORUM.

Signed Editorials on Leading Topics of the Day by Recognized Authorities.

BAD PREACHING, NOT UNBELIEF.

By

REV. MADISON C. PETERS.

"Unbelief is rampant. Many regard it as a mark of intellectual superiority to reject the Bible, and even faith in God and immortality."—Rev. Dr. R. A. Torrey to the Christian Workers' Convention in Chicago.



There is no evidence that unbelief is rampant because people will not go to hear dull sermons.

Wherever you find empty pews you will find the pulpit stricken with dogmatic ague. Wherever to-day, this whole country over, you find a man in the pulpit who speaks in direct, forceful and fearless language, you find full pews.

Theology will always be present tense. Man was made for religion. His soul wants a God for its love and trust and an immortality for its hope. There are men who are infidels to the Church, but the atheist is a species as extinct as the dodo. Until man's nature is changed the foundations of religion will remain unshaken. The spiritual wants of the race will remain the same forever.

What our preachers need to do is to freshen up and brighten up and give the world the right kind of preaching, and all this talk about unbelief from men whose dull sermons have emptied their churches will stop.

It is a generally conceded statistical fact that one-half the inhabitants of this country do not attend church, and many of these people are well disposed, intelligent and warm hearted.

The last place on earth one should expect to find dullness ought to be in the pulpit. What we need is more fearlessness and less fastidiousness—fewer flowers and more fire.

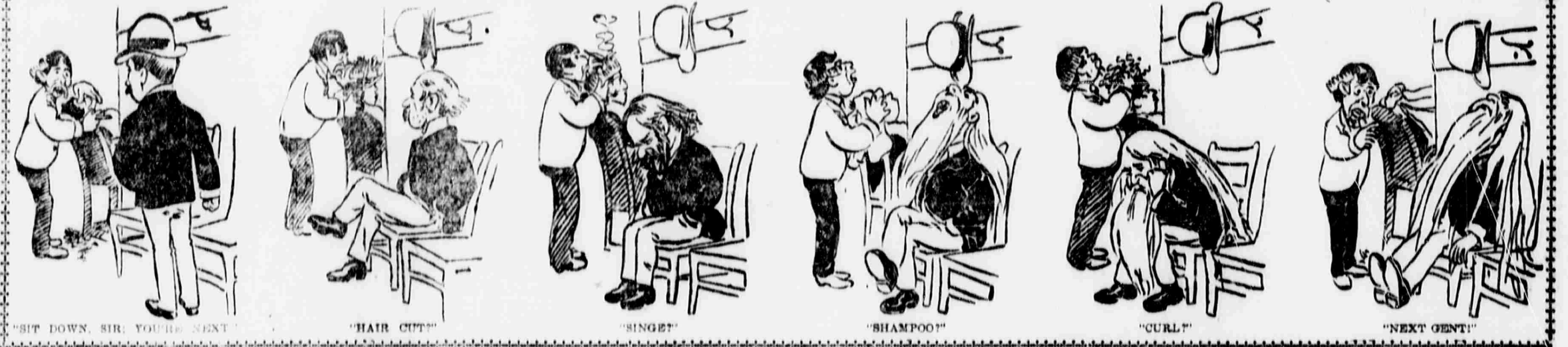
Madison C. Peters

SUCCESS IN PICKLING.

Procure the best vinegar, for thereupon depends the success of your pickles. Glass bottles are best, but if earthen jars are used they must be unglazed, as the action of vinegar upon the glaze produces a mineral poison. Boil your vinegar in stone pickles or saucers lined with earthenware. Use wooden knives and forks in preparing pickles. Fill your jars three-fourths full with the article to be pickled, and the remaining fourth with vinegar. When greening keep the pickles covered, as the evaporation of the steam injures the color. A very small bit of alum will give the pickles a proper crispness.

SKIRT WITH HIP POCKET.

Now that the walking skirt is a recognized part of every woman's wardrobe, fashion designers are devoting themselves to making it the source of comfort and convenience, combined with style. Their latest effort in this line is the right side hip pocket, as may be seen in the accompanying illustration.

THE MAN WHO WAITED—A HAIR-RAISING ADVENTURE.**Rev. T. De Witt Talmage Talks To-Day About Giants.**

Only one King of Babylon remained, the Emperor Maximilian was over 8 feet. Puffy tails of a giant 9 feet high, and two star giants 1 1/2 feet.

So I am not incredulous when I come to my text and find King Og a giant, and the size of his bedstead, turning the cubits of the text into feet—feet long. Og, the king, must have been about 13 1/2 feet long. Judging from that, the giant who occupied it was probably 11 feet in stature, or nearly twice the average human size.

Why did not the Bible give us the size of the giant? Instead of the size of the bedstead? Why did it not indicate that the man was 11 feet high, instead of telling us that his couch was 13 1/2 feet long? No doubt, among other things, it was to teach us that you can judge of a man by his surroundings.

Show me a man's associates, show me a man's books, show me a man's home, and I will tell you what he is without your telling me one word about him. You can find a man not only, according to the old adage, "by the company he keeps," but by the books he reads, by the pictures he admires, by the church he attends, by the places he visits.

What is true of individuals is true of cities and nations. Show me the free libraries and schools of a city and I will tell you the intelligence of its people.

Show me its gallery of painting and sculpture and I will tell you the artistic advancement of its citizens. Show me its churches and I will tell you the moral and religious status of the place. But let no one be thus thought to be induced to surrender to unfavorable environments. A man can make his own bedstead. Chantry and Hugh Miller were born stone-masons, but the one became an immortal sculptor and the other a Christian Scientist, whose name will never die. Turner, the painter, in whose praise John Ruskin expended the greatest genius of his life, was the son of a barber, who advertised "a penny a shave." Dr. Priceaux, one of the greatest scholars of all time, earned his way through college by scouring pots and pans. The late Justice Bradley worked his own way up from a charcoal burner to the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Notre, furthermore, that even giants must rest. Such enormous physical endowment on the part of King Og might suggest the capacity to stride across all fatigue and omit slumber.

Giants must rest. Not appreciating that fact, how many of the giants yearly break down! Giants in business, giants in art, giants in eloquence, giants in usefulness. They try to escape the consequences of overwork by a voyage across the sea, or a sail in a summer yacht, or call on physicians for relief from insomnia, or restoration of unstrung nerves, or the arrest of apoplexies, when all they need is what this giant of my text resorted to—an iron bedstead.

If you spell the name Og backward you turn it into the word "Go," and Og was turned backward and made to go. Nothing was left of the giant except his iron bedstead, which was kept in a museum at Rabbath to show how tall and stout he once was. So shall the last giant of opposition in the church's march succumb. The day is coming. Hear it, all ye who are doing something for the conquest of the world for God and the truth, the time will come when, as there was nothing left of Og, the giant, but the iron bedstead kept at Rabbath as a curiosity, there will be nothing left of the giants of iniquity except something for the relic hunter to examine.

A rusted sword will be hung up—the only relic of the giant of War. A demijohn—the only relic of the giant of Inebriation. A roulette ball—the only relic of the giant of Hazard. A pictured certificate of watered stock—the only relic of the giant of Stock Gambling. A broken knife—the only relic of the giant of Assassination. A yellow copy of Tom Paine—the only relic of the giant of Unbelief.

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THE DAY'S LOVE STORY

"WHERE are you going this afternoon?" asked Billy Martin, rather nervously.

"Pier," replied Diana. "I am going to see the new picture at the Strand."

"I am sorry for what I said last night concerning your friend," stammered Billy.

"I am pleased to hear you say so," replied Diana. "I consider your attack upon Signor Chigi most insulting to him and cruel to myself."

"Diana," said Billy appealingly, "won't you come for a walk with me to-night?"

"I have promised to accompany Mrs. Jones and her friends for a moonlight sail in the Sandville Belle to-night."

Billy turned away without a word. That very morning Mrs. Jones had invited him to the excursion, holding out as an inducement that Signor Chigi was going to bring his violin and had promised to sing them Italian serenades and love songs.

Diana watched him from the corner of her eye as he disappeared indoors. Then she turned suddenly and walked down to the beach, where she had selected a secluded and sheltered spot under the shadow of a fishing boat that was drawn up on the shore.

Here, having made certain that the paint on the boat was not wet, that there was no one in sight and that she had brought two handkerchiefs with her, she burst into tears.

As the boatman had predicted, there was not a breath of wind, and the signor, secure from the peril of seasickness, poured forth love song after love song, with much rolling of the eyes and tender glances in the direction of Diana.

Half the trip was accomplished, for the yacht had drifted to the tail of the Gunship Band.

"It's slack water now, and the ebb'll be starting in a few minutes," remarked Tom Masterman, casually.

Then a brilliant idea came to Billy. He considered how, in a short hour and a half, the yacht would have drifted back to her moorings, and he would never see his Diana again.

He leaned over to the boatman.

"Look here, Tom, I want to have a talk with one of the young ladies aboard here," said Billy, unobtrusively. "If it's to be done we mustn't get back to our moorings this tide. It's dead calm and slack water, and nobody can see. They're all singing choruses and won't notice if you lay her up on the rock end of the Gunship, and let the tide leave us there. She'll float again in six hours. The night is warm and the ladies have plenty of wraps."

There was a soft rustle of paper—a crisp rustle, such as might be made by the transferring of a banknote from one palm to another.

"Worry sorry, ladies and gents," said a voice. "But a sweep of the tide has taken us ashore on the tail of the Gunship, so you'll have to make yourselves as comfortable as ye can till she floats off on the next flood, about 6 o'clock to-morrow mornin'." * * *

The long hours had worn away to dawn, yet the Sandville Belle still lay fixed where she had stranded.

Every member of the party sat or lay sleeping uneasily in her open well with the exception of Diana, Billy and Tom Masterman.

The signor after loud complainings and many expressions of fear concerning his personal safety, and the harm that might result to his tenor voice from the unwanted exposure, had wrapped himself in his fur-lined coat, and had appropriated the only comfortable corner in the boat.

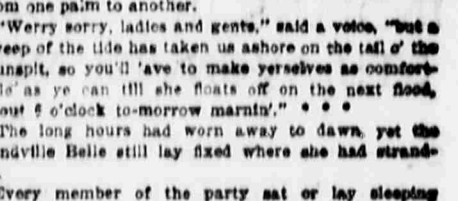
Diana somehow felt that the illusion, created mainly by a large pair of dark, poetic eyes and a smartly braided military jacket, was rapidly vanishing from her mind.

Billy sat by her side. Early in the night, notwithstanding her protestations, he had taken off his coat and wrapped it around her, and somehow her small cold hand had found its way into his big, warm palm.

Her eyes kept closing, and the proud head dropped. Billy's heart stood still as the tired head nestled down to his shoulder.

"Billy!" she murmured drowsily—"Billy, dear! You have such a comfortable shoulder!"

"Have I, darling?" whispered Billy. And a warm glow crept round his heart.

SOMETHING ON ACCOUNT.

They didn't reach here, either, until after the christening was over. But we did the best we could for the child was a jug aw poor woiner from a distillery an Third Avenue above, an keg of beer from the Dutchman across an the cawner—an the good Lord forgive ix, but O! believe he wasn't ever paid fur the beer from that day to this, Mrs. McGlaggerly. My Denny an Rory got into a fight an there was blood an murder for a while, but we gev Toozey a grand sin-fair, all the same, an fwat's more some av ix is to tell it, Mrs. McGlaggerly!

"But that's nather here nor there, me frind; fwat O! abt-arted out to say was that the Poor Hundert needn't be shickin their shupots up in th air bekaes one av the Vanderbilts' nas a ba-by. For it's only a ba-by anyhow, Mrs. McGlaggerly, an no number av pink silk slips wiv Valenben la-aces an thim can make it anything else. An fwat ix comes right down to ba-bies, me frind, th aist side ix whoopn foll av fwine, boufren healthy kids that the Vanderbilt a-fair-cant bowd a candle to. Let the gay-damsels that play-ays gloats an the Newport links abut put that in their turaph stowies an -he-w av it, Mrs. McGlaggerly!" JOHN J. JENNINGS.

French Silk Hats.

The silk plush out of which hats are made comes almost exclusively from France, all attempts to produce it in the United States having ended in failure. Nine-tenths of the felt hats worn in America are made from the fur of the rabbit and hare.



(Mother gives her boy a blow on the ear.) "Wot's that for, mother?"

"Nowt."

"Well, why did yer 'it me? I aint done nothing."

"No, but ye will be doing."

Laura Jean Libbey:**The Love of a Father.**

BOTH in song and in story mother-love has been eulogized, and painters have gone down to posterity by portraying with their brush striking pictures of a mother's love and devotion; but, strangely enough, no one ever speaks with emotion of a father's idolatrous love for his child. But it is quite true that circumstances are the greatest factors for displaying man's earnest devotion.

Take, for instance, the young man who has just lost a beloved wife in whom all the hopes of his future were centred—lost her suddenly and without warning; to him the world is a blank. Life all chaos, and every gone.

Craved with the wildest, deepest pain the human heart can ever know, he wanders in and out of the rooms that so short a while before glowed with the radiance of her presence. No sweet face turns to him at the sound of his step, no voice welcomes him, no tender lips are raised to his for their usual caress. The chairs are all the same, grouped just as she left them; the books are scattered on the table and her footstool close beside the sofa, where last she left it; the same pictures hang on the walls, and the door is slightly ajar—but where is she?

He with whom she had promised to walk to the life stands alone amid the luxurious surroundings, alone in the world! A great, awful lump rises in his throat, the room seems to whirl about him as he gazes around in that dumb agony more terrible than the most tempestuous seas, and he turns and rushes frantically toward the door, crying out to his own heart that never again will he cross that threshold—never—or he should go mad. He will leave the room just as it is, draw the curtains, and turn the key for the last time in the lock.

But as his hand touches the knob a low, piping cry falls upon his ear—a cry that sends the blood sweeping like a torrent back to the innermost recesses of his heart. It is the faint voice of his little child—his child, whom he had quite forgotten in the wild agony of his woe. In an instant he is within the inner room, and catches it up with a burst of tears that wring his very heartstrings. He covers its face, his tiny hands and wondering eyes with passionate kisses. No, he is not quite alone in the world; he still has baby, the one gift from Heaven which she, his darling, has left him.

From this moment his ideas centre into the one thought: He will live for baby's sake, face life for her, take up again the weary burden he would so gladly have relinquished but a little while since. All the idolatrous love he bore the mother is now given to the child—the little one who is henceforth to be his star of hope, the Alpha and Omega of his existence.

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Georgie Gives Paw a Timely Lesson in American Geography.

WHEN me and Little Albert got home from school a few dices ago I saw that I would find out if I saw new all about Everything or not. So after he got his cigar lit and we were all sittin' out on the porch and the pupp had upun Brunker's wife's at up a tree I says:

"What?" he ast.

"Do you no whata the arest lake in the United States?" I told him.

"Of course," he anserd. Lake Soup perior."

"That's where you're wrong paw," I says.

Paw took his cigar out from between his teeth and made some rings of smoke. Then he says:

"Georgie, I've been livin' in this country several years longer than you, and I haven't been kevin' my eyes shut nor my ears plugged, neither. Lake Soup perior is the biggest lake in the United States, and it makes me feel sad to see you sitting there Grinning like a polecat that got cut asleep on his back becuz you think you no more than your father."

"Well, has the same," I told him. "Lake Michigan is the biggest one in the United States. I lerted that when the teacher gave us Our jorgery lesson to-day."

"There's where I say Chicago people make a mistake," paw says. "It's all rite to stick up for your own town when you can do it sensible. But they ain't usen' any tryin' not to notus Facts when they don't make you feel proud. You mite as well try to keep a baby with a Pin-Jabbin' it in the side from squallin' by telling it some of its answers were off-ussers in the revolutionaric War as to think you can ever twist a Fact so it wud fit rite back in shape the moute you let go. So I say it's rite for Chicago people to try to make out that Lake Michigan's the biggest just becuz they can see it from the back end of Their Hats."

"Well," I told him, "it's so enny way. They ain't another lake in the United States as big as Lake Michigan, becuz our teacher told us about it."

"George," paw says looking like as if his hart was tucted. "I've tride all my life to be a good, reasonable paltrint to you, so when you Grew up to be a man and come sometime to where the Grass was green and the Leaves russeld softly abut the mound, and all was still and peacefull, you would look down with luv in your breast and think of the Dear old days when you could hear the glad, onustirg Of my voice around the House, and blamed if I'm agoin to be Contradicted by my own children rite to my face when I no I'm rite. It would of Been a sad day for me if I would of Ever talked to my fwather that Way, and I ain't going to put up with Enny more of it."

"But paw," maw says, "don't be too impashunt with the Paw boy. You wouldn't want him to Think sumthin' rone was rite becuz you happened to get mistakend about it, would you? Mebbey he mite be correct about it, after all."

"That's it!" paw told her. "Go on inerruging him to Think his fwather durant no a map from a sheet of sticky fly paper. How could he be rite? They are no 'mite' about it."

"Then he had to lile his cigar again, and I whispured in maw's ear when he didn't see me, and she says:

"Well, I kind of think he is rite, enny way. I tell you what. If you're rone you don't get a new fall overcoat and I'll have my seaikin made over."

"Oh, shaw," paw anserd, "what's the use tryin to Enliten people that won't lissen to reason? That's one thing I like about me. Whenever I'm not sure of anything I'm willing to Lern insted of sticking to what I aed first. I'm always redy to hear the other side, and I don't want enny more of This contradickan or enny more of these 'mebbies' or 'mites' when I no what what I'm talking about neither!"

So I showed paw the map where he could see Lake Soup perior izent in the United States, but Lake Michigan is, and paw Looked at it a second or two and then he didn't say anything, but commented to smoke hard and Look like if he was thinking someth thots.

(S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.)

Widow Magoogin Sizes Up the New Vanderbilt Baby.

"U PON me sowl, Mrs. McGlaggerly, but the turnble to do they did be afther main over: that Vanderbilt baby gives me a pain in the nikkle," said Widow Magoogin.

"So twould anny one, Mrs. Magoogin," the neighbor replied.

"Troth it's thure for ye, me frind," rejoined the Widow. "One ud think from the pullaballoo ecology ix makin over the kid wud all the Poor Hundert crowdin the ships comin from Europe an threatenin be their wholesale depa-ature from Pa-erish to break up ix Exposition, flant to pay a visit to the little bouneh av pink toesies an birus oves that th aistric or some other burd luke it brought to the Vanderbilt ho-me."

gerty-Ofd a noited the Madison Squa-are Ga-arden an given a blow out that Churry Hill id not be through talkin about from that day to this: bad rattle me, me frind, but Ofd have med the ayvint as mimorable as the night av the big wud, Mrs. McGlaggerly—but Denny an meeself hadn't the price av a pint av ale becuz ix at the toime, an twain we axed Rory Shanahan to stand up wiv the child he had to pawn his fine silver watch avn a chain for the \$2 to give the prait. We war all av ix dacency poor an anlist in thim days. Mrs. McGlaggerly, wud divid the little more than the rint an the bolte an the sup; an nobody from Europe to attind the christenin except me Uncle Mick that was comin anyway in a sailin vessel an didn't know anything about id, an fur that mat-

ther didn't reach here, either, until after the christening was over. But we did the best we could for the child was a jug aw poor woiner from a distillery an Third Avenue above, an keg of beer from the Dutchman across an the cawner—an the good Lord forgive ix, but O! believe he wasn't ever paid fur the beer from that day to this, Mrs. McGlaggerly. My Denny an Rory got into a fight an there was blood an murder for a while, but we gev Toozey a grand sin-fair, all the same, an fwat's more some av ix is to tell it, Mrs. McGlaggerly!

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DO YOU DO ANY OF THESE THINGS?

It is bad manners to make remarks about the food at dinner.
To talk about things which only interest yourself.
To contradict your friends when they are speaking.
To grumble about your home and relatives to outsiders.
To say smart things which may hurt some one's feelings.
To dress shabbily in the morning because no one will see you.
To be rude to those who serve you, either in shops or at home.
To think first of your own pleasure when you are giving a party.
To refuse ungraciously when somebody wishes to do you a favor.
To behave in a street car or train as if no one else had a right to be there.
To speak disrespectfully to any one older than yourself.

A Crow Hatchery.

A crow hatchery, the only one in the world, has been established in Brookville, Pa. The crows' eggs are hatched in an incubator, and when the birds are eight weeks old they are gullitined. The heads are for 25 cents each, and are used as adornments for bonnets.